

The Newberry Herald and News.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1891.

PRICE \$1.50 A YEAR

SHACKLING JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Officer Who Did It Describes How It Was Done.

[From the Leavenworth Times.]
The following letter was received by an employee of the Times from his father, and is of such interest that we give it to the public:

ROANOKE, S. D., July 4.
MY DEAR SON: There has been much said and written about Jefferson Davis in relation to putting fetters on him at Fortress Monroe, Va. Some statements are in part true and others are false, and some say he never was shackled.

On the morning of May 23, 1865, I was detailed as officer of the day, and after guard mount I reported to Gen. Nelson Miles for special orders in regard to the three State prisoners, Jefferson Davis, C. C. Clay, and John Mitchell, who were confined in separate gun-rooms or casemates, the embrasures of which were closed with heavy iron bars looking out on the moat or ditch, which is about sixty feet wide. The first room or casemate had but one door and two large windows facing the inside of the fort. The gunroom had two doors leading in from the casemate. These were closed by heavy iron grates doors and locked with padlocks, and at each door in the gunroom with the prisoner were two sentinels with loaded muskets, and in the casemate were two more sentinels and officers of the guard, all of which were under lock and key, the officer of the day having charge of the keys. The guard was relieved every two hours, and that could only be done in the presence of the officer of the day. The windows of the casemate were also grated with iron bars. The prisoners occupied every other gunroom, and the guards not on duty the intervening ones.

There was a special guard mounted of eighty men for those three prisoners, and the commandant of the fort could not give any orders of any kind to that special guard; in fact, he could not come within its lines. There were four sentinels on the parapet overhead, four on the glacis beyond the ditch, and six in the fort in front of the casemates. The above statement is just as I found things the day that Davis was shackled. I reported to Gen. Miles as the new officer of the day. The General said he had special orders for me as to Jeff Davis. Having heard it rumored that morning that Davis was to be put in irons I said to the General, "What is it, General?" "Well, what is it, Captain?" "To put irons on Davis." He said: "That is it." I said: "When do you wish it done?" He said: "The irons are not ready." Then I said: "Had we not better put them on toward evening?" He said: "Yes," and I could send my orderly to the blacksmith's and have him meet me at that time with the leg irons, and at the same time he (Gen. Miles) showed me part of a letter he had from Secretary Stanton, in which he said that if he thought the safety of Davis required it, he could put irons on Davis, or words to that effect. The matter was left optional with Gen. Miles as to whether Davis should be put in irons or not.

Just before the sundown relief I sent my orderly out for the blacksmith to meet me with the leg irons at casemate. Soon after I went down I found the smith and his helper there. I then unlocked the door and told the guard to let them pass that is, smith and helper. As I entered the gunroom Davis was sitting on the end of his cot or hospital bed reading his Episcopal Prayer Book, and as he looked up, I said: "Mr. Davis, I have an unpleasant duty to execute." At the same moment seeing the blacksmith with the irons, he said: "You do not intend to put fetters on me?" I said: "Those are my orders." He said: "Those are orders for a slave and no man with a soul in him would obey such orders." I then said: "Those are my orders." Mr. Davis said: "I shall never submit to such an indignity." He then asked if Gen. Miles had given that order. My answer was in the affirmative. He said he would like to see Gen. Miles. I replied that the General had just left the fort. Then he asked that the execution of the order be postponed, and I should telegraph to the President in his name, I said: "Mr. Davis, you are an old soldier and know what orders are. It is needless to say that an officer is bound to execute an order given him." Davis said it was obvious that there could be no necessity for such an order to make his imprisonment secure. I said: "My duty is to execute this order, and it is fully for you to resist." Davis's answer was that he was a soldier, and he knew how to die, and, pointing to a sentinel, said: "Let your men shoot me at once."

A few moments after that he placed his foot on a stool; his quiet manner led me to think he would not resist. I then said: "Smith, do your work." As the blacksmith stooped to place the clasp of the shackle around his ankle Davis struck him a violent blow that threw him on the floor. He recovered and at once made for Davis with his vise and hammer, and would have struck him if I had not caught his arm as he was in the act of striking. A moment after that I saw Davis and one of the sentinels struggling, both having hold of the musket, Davis just below the shank of the bayonet. The next instant the sentinel had wrenched the musket from Davis's hands. I then ordered the soldier to his post and reprimanded him for leaving. I now

saw there would be trouble, so I ordered the officer of the guard to go out and get four of the best men of the guard with outside arms and have them report to me at once. A few minutes afterward four stalwart soldiers made their appearance. I said: "Men, I wish you to take Mr. Davis, with as little force as possible, and place him on that cot, and hold him there till the smith is through with his work."

As the men advanced Davis struck the first or foremost man, but all four instantly closed on him and shoved him on the cot. Davis showed unnatural strength; it was all the four men could do to hold him while the blacksmith riveted the clasp around his ankle, his helper holding a sledge hammer. The other clasp was locked on with a brass lock the same as in use on freight cars. I ordered the men to their quarters, and as they passed out Davis lay perfectly motionless. Just as I was going out Davis raised from his cot and threw his feet on the floor, and with the clanging of the chains he gave way. I will say here what it was to me a pleasant sight to me to see a man like Jefferson Davis shedding tears, but not one word had he to say.

Two hours after I called to relieve the guard and found Davis lying on his cot. I said: "Mr. Davis, you can't rest well that way; if you will give me your word of honor that you will give no more trouble in this matter I will unlock the shackles so you can take off your clothing." "Captain, I assure you there will be no more trouble. I then unlocked the shackles, he taking off his clothing, and locked it again himself.

JEROME TITLOW,
Late Captain Third Pennsylvania
Regiment, Artillery.

"Civis" Reply to Dr. Macne.

To the Editor of The Herald and News: I have read in the National Economist, of August 1, Dr. Macne's "most ungentlemanly" (to use his own language) and vituperative reply to a recent article of mine published in The Herald and News as well as in the News and Courier. The Doctor was evidently very mad when he wrote it, and had laid aside, for the time being at least, those excellent traits as a "Christian gentleman," which we are assured he possesses. At this we are not greatly astonished, for the criminal is apt to think very badly of the detective who hunts him down and brings him to bay. Hence Doctor Macne's very poor opinion of U. S. Hall, of Missouri, of Mr. McAllister, of Mississippi, and others who have been instrumental in exposing his venal transactions with Pat. Calhoun in Georgia. I would ask you to republish his article entire, as illustrative of the character of the man who has been proved guilty of attempting to sell out the Alliance to one of Jay Gould's railroad attorneys, and whom, notwithstanding, our farmers still persist in following so blindly. But I think so respectable a paper as The Herald and News would object to soiling its columns with such a tirade of calumny and vulgar personal abuse—a field in which I have no thought of following him myself.

My article, be it remembered, was in reply to an editorial of Dr. J. Wm. Stokes in the Cotton Plant, in which I showed, not by the evidence of Mr. Hall or other enemies of Dr. Macne, but by the admissions of both Dr. Stokes and Mr. Latimer, both Dr. Macne's defenders, and both I believe members of the famous Ocala whitewashing committee, that the charges against Dr. Macne were true in every particular.

Dr. Stokes says in his editorial, "Mr. Calhoun had the money to loan; Dr. Macne wanted to borrow, he did borrow of Mr. Calhoun, (sic); and neither he nor Mr. Latimer, both in a position to know, and both anxious to screen Macne, pretend to deny that he did both borrow the money and receive the free railroad pass over the Richmond Terminal system. Could we have stronger or more positive evidence of Dr. Macne's guilt? Then, after receiving these personal pecuniary favors, he did, as is notorious, all in his power to get Calhoun elected to the United States Senate, thus showing that Calhoun, though a young man, like old Oakes Ames, of Credit Mobilier notoriety, knew where to put his money "so it would do most good." My article was a mere sifting of the testimony of others, so to speak; and this was in brief what it established. I have not pretended to know anything of my own personal knowledge.

In his very ill-natured reply Macne does not pretend to deny or attempt to refute anything whatever in my article; but confines himself to low vulgar abuse of "Civis," as if that were his entire stock in trade. Well, now, I would like to inform Dr. Macne that abuse from such a man as this Georgia transaction has proved him to be, does not in the least disturb the mental equanimity of "Civis." On the contrary "Civis" is rather proud of the enemy he has made, and enjoys the writhing and squirming and contortions of such a man under the exposure to open day-light of his venality and corruption. It shows better than anything else could that "Civis" has hit him in a vital spot. Truth hurts more than fiction sometimes, and this seems to be a case in point. Macne had fondly hoped that his conduct had been so deeply covered with whitewash as Ocala that no more would be heard of it. But instead he finds that in a few short months the whitewash is all

gone; and that under the exposures made, not only by his enemies within the Alliance, but also by the still more dangerous admissions made by his friends, his inconsistency, and unreliability, if not corruption, has been more widely published all over the country than ever. No wonder then that the Doctor is mad.

As the natural consequence of this exposure, together with the visionary financial schemes of the Alliance and its tendency to the suppression of freedom of thought and action among its members, we see the formidable revolt against Macne's leadership in Texas, where he is best known. We see Mississippi, after an unusually thorough canvass on both sides, carried overwhelmingly against him. We see an officially announced falling off in Alliance strength here in South Carolina, where Stokes and Talbert have undertaken to "out-Herod Herod." We see whole sub-Alliances throwing up their charters, and abandoning the organization in disgust. We see a big Alliance meeting at Prosperity the other day carried overwhelmingly by Senator Butler against that ridiculous humbug invented by Macne—the so-called sub-treasury scheme; and that too in spite of the efforts of both Stokes and Talbert to sustain it. These, and many other signs of the decadence of the Alliance, we see all over the country as the result of its most unfortunate control of such tricky politicians as Macne, who have "bamboozled" the over-credulous farmers and wormed themselves into its leadership. It will have to shake off such leadership, or its days of usefulness are over.

CIVIS.

HE DIED FOR LOVE.

The Agent of the G. & N. R. R. at Fishdam Takes His Own Life.

[Register, 7th.]

From a gentleman who came down on the Asheville train last night it was learned that when the train reached Fishdam the people were found to be in considerable excitement by a suicide that had just taken place. Mr. S. R. Lewis, a young man about 25 years of age and agent of the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railroad, had been paying attention to a young lady and made her proposals of marriage. Her refusal, coupled with the jeers of some of his young friends, so preyed on his mind that at last, yesterday afternoon, he went into his office and shot himself in the head with his pistol, death resulting almost instantly. No further particulars were obtainable last night, but the above are no doubt the main facts of the tragic occurrence.

A Fish Line Made of Women's Hair.

LAMBERTVILLE, August 5.—James Thorne, the village barber, has just completed a novel fishing line. It is composed entirely of woman's hair of every color and shade. Whenever a customer with particularly long hair came to have her hair dressed he would beg of her a few silver threads, which he would carefully lay away and work up at his leisure.

This has been going on for five years until now twenty-five sections, fifteen inches long, have been completed. Each section contains 100 hairs. The sections are so nicely joined that it all appears to be of one shade. The line is surprisingly strong and light and will hold as much weight as any first-class line. Thorne exhibited the line to some friends yesterday for the first time.

THE STATE ALLIANCE EXCHANGE.

Manager Donaldson Denies the Rumor That It Has Sold Out.

[Special to the State.]

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 1.—A reporter to-day interviewed Hon. M. L. Donaldson, manager of the State Alliance Exchange on the report published in the Cheraw Reporter that the exchange had been sold out at the Spartanburg meeting to the Union Cordage Company, of New York, the organization which is trying to gobble the business of the Southern Alliance exchanges. He said there is no truth in the report, and that the South Carolina exchange is in no way connected with or obligated to the Union Cordage Company, or any other mercantile concern. He was asked about the Rev. J. A. Sligh's recent visit to New York and said that Mr. Sligh had not done anything except what he was authorized to do.

A Pointer
that would guide, unerringly, into the heaven of health, all that are on the troubled sea of impaired womanhood! It is nothing less, nor could be nothing more, than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—frail female's faithful friend—time-tried and thoroughly tested. Internal inflammations, irregularities, displacements, and all ill-conditions peculiar to woman, controlled, corrected and cured, without publicity, by this safe, sterling specific. Purely vegetable. Only good can come from its use. The only remedy of the kind warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

Going North to Confer With Republicans.

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 1.—I Hendrix McLane, the organizer of the White Republican League in this State, left here for the North to-day. He said he was going on in response to an invitation to meet some prominent white Republican leaders. He expressed himself as being much gratified with the success attending the movement thus far. Mr. McLane's trip is surmised to be concerning the next delegation of South Carolina Republicans to the National Convention, and may mean the arrangement of a combination of the two of the wings of the party in this State.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it, she says, is only Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE SUB-TREASURY MODIFIED.

Col. Ellison S. Keitt Suggests that States Borrow from the General Government and to Loan Directly to the People.

ROSE MOUNT, GLENN SPRINGS, S. C., July 30.—The advocates of the sub-treasury scheme have never claimed that the bill prepared by the legislative committee and introduced in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Mr. Pickler is perfect. All they demand is the principles in the bill shall be retained. Having demonstrated in a former article that every principle contained in the bill is in full accord with the Constitution of the United States, I will now proceed to show how the scheme can be put in full operation without the erection of warehouses or the appointment of agents by the general government and leave the States with all their rights and dignity unimpaired.

I will speak alone of South Carolina, and what I say of her will apply to each of the other States. The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union demand a per capita circulation of \$50. How is this money to be had and how are the people to get it into their hands? The Supreme Court of the United States has declared that the Government of the United States, being a sovereign power, can declare anything money and from it there is no appeal. Whatever the general government declares a legal tender in payment of debts is money. South Carolina has in round numbers 1,000,000 of people. Fifty dollars per capita in circulation will put \$50,000,000 into the hands of the people. Let the general government print \$50,000,000 of legal tender notes receivable for all debts, both public and private, and advance them to the State of South Carolina, taking her obligation for them, charging the State only the cost of printing the notes, which will be a small fraction of 1 per cent. Let this money pass into the State treasury. Let one-half of it be loaned to the people on real estate property restricted and secured at 2 per cent. per annum for ten years, the interest and one-tenth of the principal to be paid back to the government at the end of each year; the other half to be advanced on any of the five staple products, cotton, wheat, corn, oats or tobacco for one year on terms absolutely safe. This will give the country a currency both inflexible and elastic and will meet all the demands of business. As the population increases let the amount of money in circulation correspondingly increase so as to make it stable. These notes based on the credit of the nation will be good anywhere in our borders. The government of the United States will be absolutely safe as the property of the whole State will be security for them. The State can suffer no detriment as the property of each individual will be responsible for what he or she borrows. On real estate no one person should be allowed to borrow over \$3,000 or less than \$100.

Fifty million dollars loaned out to the people by the State at 2 per cent. will yield a revenue of \$4,000,000 which will mean all the expenses of the State government and relieve the people from taxation. This can be operated by the State treasurer and the county treasurers. Make it mandatory on the county treasurers to report at the end of each day to the State treasurer with penalties so heavy and certain as to prevent any failure to do so and the State treasurer to publish at the end of each month the exact condition so all the people can know what is being done. Each State will be responsible only for the money she receives and loans to her people, and can keep a close watch over it. Let us have one distinctive American money, which will be good everywhere in our borders, and we will not be affected by any financial disasters that may befall other nations. There will be no need for government warehouses or agents. The people of each State will manage their own affairs without any interference from outside. If this plan is adopted the rights and dignity of the States will remain unimpaired and the people will save vast sums they now pay to banks and corporations in interest for money, and what they pay will go into the State treasury and save taxation. The present financial system is based on the bonds of the government. The last of these bonds are due in 1907. With their payment the last of the national banks will disappear and with them the present financial system. We can not but see too soon to inaugurate a new system, one that will benefit the whole people.

Associate Justice Gray, in delivering the decree of the Supreme Court of the United States in a case involving the validity of the legal tender act, said: "The court says in conclusion, congress, as the legislative of a sovereign nation, being expressly empowered by the constitution to levy and collect taxes to pay debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States, and to coin money and regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and being clearly authorized to do so incidentally to the exercise of those great powers, to emit bills of credit, to charter national banks and to provide a national currency for the whole people in the form of coin, treasury notes and national bank bills, and the power to make notes of the government a legal tender in payment of private debts, being one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from congress by the constitution, we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that impressing upon treasury

notes of the United States the quality of being legal tender in payment of private debts is a means conducive and plainly adapted to execution of the undoubted power of congress consistent with the letter and spirit of the constitution; therefore within the meaning of that instrument necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers vested by this constitution of the government of the United States."

The above extract from the decision of the court shows clearly that it is the duty of the general government to provide a currency for the whole people.

The condition of the country demands that it be done without delay if the financial disaster that is now impending is to be averted.

The plan suggested is simple and the writer believes eminently practical and will meet every demand.

Respectfully,
ELLISON S. KEITT.
COLONEL KEITT'S SUGGESTION.

[Greenville News.]

The sub-treasury scheme seems to be flexible enough to suit anybody and elastic likewise. It started a few months ago as a full fledged bill before congress with details, provisions and appropriations all complete. It has gradually contracted and twisted until it has now become a mere abstract principle and that not very well defined but supposed to be that more currency is needed in the country.

It is stated in to-day's dispatches that the Kansas Alliance is repudiating the whole thing. We are not surprised by that, for we believe as cool heads, sensible men study the thing they will be more and more convinced of its folly and danger. Nor are we surprised to find a thinker like Colonel Keitt, whose letter is printed to-day, abandoning many of the essential features of the scheme and suggesting some widely different methods.

All of us can agree that our currency and the manner of its distribution require legislation. It can now be controlled by a few hands; and, as Colonel Keitt shows, in a few years the retirement of the United States bonds will make some new basis necessary. Our financial system heretofore has been a series of makeshifts and experiments, some successful and others unsuccessful, but all temporary. We must have a permanent and settled system. Work for all time can not be scrambled through in a hurry. It can not be done by crazy enthusiasts or vulgar political schemers or noisy howlers. Nor can it be done by excessive caution or timid conservatism or the reckless and insolent bigotry that regards everything new as being destructive.

We believe the new currency system will be a compromise, probably the combination of the best parts of half a dozen or more schemes and propositions. Every suggestion in that line ought to be studied closely and with the guidance of common sense and sound principles to see what good there is in it, or there is any. The sub-treasury idea as originally suggested appeared to us to combine all possible bad and dangerous features, methods and principles. It provided for the dependence of the people directly upon the central government, for debasing the currency by establishing it on an uncertain and fluctuating basis, for putting the farmer and the government together in the hands of the speculator. Its every provision was full of opportunities for fraud, favoritism, plundering and tyranny. It could not do what it intended to do. In principle it was class legislation of the worst kind; in actual operation it would have ruined all classes alike.

Colonel Keitt evidently understands some of the most glaring and serious faults of the sub treasury scheme and offers a plan for avoiding them. He proposes to have the original transaction in currency, involving the first removal of the currency from the government printing house, between the State and the central government—a loan and borrow between two separate and sovereign powers. That is undoubtedly a very great improvement on the old scheme. If the citizen is to look for financial help anywhere outside the usual channels of commerce he had far better look to his State than to the general government.

The general idea of all these plans is to shut out the middle man between the government which manufactures the money and the people who use it. The purpose is to make the flow direct and easy and to have on money as little tax as possible in the way of interest and commissions for bankers and others who handle it in its progress. Colonel Keitt's suggestion is to make each State the banker for its people, receiving and using for the people what profit is made.

Of course a host of objections to Col. Keitt's scheme find every other based on that principle are immediately suggested to the mind. One of the first is the lack of a foreign currency—something to do our trading with other peoples with. We can by law make anything currency in our own country, but we can not force it for acceptance by the remainder of the world, and that fact would probably give us two bases of currency, the one available for foreign trade steadily increasing and the other steadily decreasing in value. Beyond this is the peril of making any government the creditor of its people. Again it would be practically impossible to adjust the ebb and flow of currency so accurately as to prevent serious inequalities and disturbances and discriminations in favor of one section or person over others. One of the first results of such a measure would be to force rich men to invest in lands in-

stead of buying securities or loaning their money out. They would look to rents or to cultivation on a wholesale plan to pay them profits on their possessions and the small independent farmer would become a thing of the past.

Nevertheless, Colonel Keitt's idea is a long step away from the sub-treasury and toward sounder and more democratic principles, and we are glad to see it.

THE HISTORY OF A POEM.
It Forms One of the Most Touching Incidents of the Civil War.

One of the finest poems in the modern literature of song is that one known everywhere by its first pathetic line, "I am dying, Egypt, dying."

And which was written by Gen. William Haines Lytle, on the eve of the battle of Chickamauga. We are indebted to the late Col. Realf, poet, author and soldier, who shared the fortunes of war with his friend, Gen. Lytle, for an account of the peculiar circumstances under which the poem was written.

Col. Realf shared the tent of Gen. Lytle on the night preceding the battle. The two friends were both given to writing poems at such times, and each had an unfinished poem on hand. They read and criticised each other's efforts humorously for some time, when Gen. Lytle said with a grave smile:

"Realf, I shall never live 'I finish that poem."

"Nonsense," said his friend, "you will live to write volumes of such stuff."

"No," said the general, solemnly, "as I was speaking to you a feeling came over me suddenly, which is more startling than prophecy, that I shall be killed in to-morrow's fight."

Col. Realf asked him to define this feeling, and he said:

"As I was talking to you I saw the green hills of Ohio as they looked when I stood among them. They began to recede from me in a weird way—and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like the lightning's shock that I should never see them again."

Gen. Lytle was a native of Ohio, and dearly loved his birth-state.

Col. Realf laughed at his friend, and rallied him upon his superstition, but acknowledged afterwards that he felt as he did. He begged the general to finish the poem before he slept, that such fine work might not be lost to the world.

In the small hours, Gen. Lytle awakened his friend from the slumber into which he had fallen, to read to him that beautiful poem, which must live as long as our literature survives.

Imagine the scene. The two men united by the bonds of friendship, of congenial tastes, both ready and willing to face death on the morrow in its direct form, scanning by the light of their tent lantern each other's features, when the finished poem had been read aloud.

Col. Realf said that his own eyes filled with tears, but the general said not a word, as he placed the manuscript in his pocket and lay down to his last night's rest upon the earth.

Before dawn came the call to arms. When Realf next saw his friend he lay cold in death among the heaps of slain. Then he thought of the poem, and searching the pocket where he had seen him place it, he drew it forth, and forwarded it to Gen. Lytle's friends with his other effects. We give the poem in its entirety, feeling sure all will renew their admiration of it, when they read under what tragic circumstances it was written:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
I am dying, Egypt, dying!
This is the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Rear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround
Me, yet I would not be a coward.

Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
Twas no foeman's arm that felled him;
'Twas his own that dealt the blow—
Ere, who, pillowed on thy bosom
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame in Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home.
Seek her!—say the gods have told me—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light me path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give to Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow his laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! Quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell.

—[GEN. WILLIAM H. LYTLE.]

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, gripping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended, alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

MR. POPE N. CROUCH SUICIDES.

He Could Not Face the Disgrace and the Troubles Which Surrounded Him, So He Took Refuge in Death—Augusta's Gambling Hells Got His Money.

[Augusta Chronicle 4th.]

Mr. Pope N. Crouch, of Johnston, S. C., a drummer for J. L. Friedman & Co., vinedealers in Paducah, Ky., committed suicide at the Planters Hotel Tuesday night some time after 1 o'clock.

The dead man was not discovered until 1:50 o'clock yesterday, when the startling discovery was made by the bell boy, John Jones, who went with the chambermaid to the room to clean it up.

Jones saw Mr. Crouch lying in bed with his right arm under his head, and the sheets covering him to his waist. He touched Mr. Crouch, and finding that the man was cold and stiff, he hastily informed the clerk, Mr. Lyeth, and he, with Mr. George Green, went up to the room. They turned Mr. Crouch over on his back. His limbs were rigid, and he had probably been dead at least six hours.

In the bureau they found an empty bottle of morphine, and two letters sticking on the side of the glass. The empty bottle of morphine revealed the method of his death. There was a label on it, but there was no name to give a clue as to whom the bottle was purchased from.

LETTER TO THE DRUMMERS.

One of the two letters was addressed "To My Dear Drummer Friends," and the other to his wife, Mrs. P. N. Crouch.

The letter to the drummers was opened and read. It was an appeal to them to look after his wife and baby, and closed by saying that trouble that he was unable to bear was the cause of his rash act. This letter showed that the case was one of suicide, which up to that time the gentlemen were not certain about, as Mr. Crouch was known to be afflicted with heart trouble, he having had a severe attack at the Arlington hotel during the Drummers' convention, mention of which was made in The Chronicle at the time.

The letter to his wife, which evidently gave the cause of his rash act, was not then opened.

Mr. C. H. Moorman, of this city, a brother-in-law of Mr. Crouch was sent for, and Coroner Clarke was notified. Mr. Moorman also sent for Mr. S. I. Crouch, a brother of the dead man, who lives in Harrisburg.

Neither Mr. Moorman nor Mr. Crouch could throw any light on the cause which led to the suicide. Mr. Moorman thought that Mr. Crouch had left the city Saturday, as he (Mr. Crouch) had told Mr. Moorman he intended to do so.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

At 5 o'clock Coroner Clarke held an inquest, the only witnesses being Mr. Lyeth, day clerk of the hotel, Mr. King night clerk and the bellboy, Jones.

Mr. Lyeth said he had not seen Mr. Crouch since Sunday, at which time he had registered at the hotel. The deceased did not seem to be in the best of spirits. He then told of the finding of the body and the letters.

Mr. King stated that when he went on duty Sunday night he saw that Mr. Crouch was registered. About 12 o'clock that night Mr. Crouch came with a "how are you," and asked what rooms he was to go to. Mr. King told him the same one, room 31, on the first floor. Mr. Crouch then told Mr. King not to put his room down on the register opposite his name, as he did not wish his brother-in-law, Mr. Moorman, to know he was still in the city, as he (Crouch) had told Mr. Moorman that he was going out of the city Saturday. Mr. King consented to do this, and Mr. Crouch, requesting to be called at 6 o'clock, went up to his room. He came down at 6 o'clock and went up the street. Monday night he came in about the same time, and after some conversation with Mr. King he went upstairs to bed, first, however, leaving a call for 6 o'clock, as he said he wanted to get off on the South Carolina train. Tuesday morning he came down as usual, and again went up the street.

THIRD AND LAST TIME.

Nothing more was seen of him by Mr. King, until Tuesday night, about 1 o'clock. When he entered the hotel, he said: "How are you to night, Mr. King."

"I am well; thanks. How are you?" replied Mr. King.

"I am feeling very well," said Mr. Crouch. He then asked Mr. King for some writing-paper and ink, stating that he had some letters to write before going to bed. Ordering a pitcher of ice water, he went up stairs. When he entered the room, he remarked to the boy, "This room smells mighty bad." The boy said it was the new furniture. A. C. Crouch then closed the door, without locking it. This was the last seen of Mr. Crouch alive. He failed to leave an order for his usual early call.

LOST MONEY GAMBLING.

The letter to his wife was then opened by the coroner and read, it revealing the story of his misfortune and the cause for which he took his life.

The letter was nine pages long, the substance of which is as follows:

MY DARLING WIFE AND BABY:—When this reaches you I will be in eternity. It is now past midnight. When I kissed you and baby last Saturday morning and promised to return Saturday night, you little thought it would be the last time you would see me. If I could only see you, kiss you and bid you farewell before my end, I could die in peace. I am so sorry that I am leaving you in such a bad condition, but I could not stand the disgrace and mortification.

He then stated that his downfall and death were due to the gambling hells of Augusta.

He said he had lost \$200 since Saturday, and \$400 besides in the past month. He mentioned four gaming houses in Augusta at which he had lost money, and advised his wife to employ a lawyer and recover it, as the law was rigid against such gaming houses, and she could get back the money, which would greatly help her in getting along.

He had intended to be a better man and live right if he could have gotten through his present trouble, but he could see no way out of it but in death.

A PRAYER AND A WARNING.
I hope God will take care of you, and forgive me for this rash act. I have asked my drummer friends to help you to run a boarding house. I pray God to save my soul.

The letter closed with the words: "Let this be a warning to all young men, and that they never touch a card."

The coroner's jury, after hearing the evidence and the letter, returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a dose of morphine, and that it was suicide.

His body was then taken to the train and carried to his home in Johnston, S. C., for burial.

Mr. Crouch was 33 years of age, born and raised in Johnston, S. C., and was well known in Augusta. He was a dark brunette, weighing, perhaps two hundred pounds.

Grover Cleveland.

[Elephant, in N. C. Herald.]

Amid the upheaval of the political elements Cleveland stands silent and alone. Cold and indifferent to everything, base must even that partisan opponent of his, who has not a hearty and stout admiration for him. The solitary grandeur of his firmness, his calm and imperturbable integrity are a study for friends and foes alike; and more thought should be given to his position by every sensible and honorable citizen.

To say he is stubborn is the height of folly—it is not worth notice